

# IN CAMP WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS

## A Journal Correspondent Visits the Patriot Army in the Field.

Camp Sabanas, near Sagua, April 1.—This is a real insurgent camp. About me as I write are standing its swartthy guards with the silver star on their hat rims and rifles in their hands. It is a permanent camp, with a little hospital. Dr. Francisco Dominguez, of Havana, is stationed here as a special agent of General Maximo Gomez, not only to attend to the wounded, but to forward dispatches to the chiefs of insurgent divisions throughout the Matanzas Province.

The camp lies in a forest among the foothills that rise from either side of the valley reaching from the coast to the interior of the island. High mountains and swamps, green with rushes and cane, protect it on all sides but one. On this side a narrow trail zig zags for a league among the woods, barely missing morasses and pitfalls. Twenty well armed men could hold that trail against a regiment.

The camp itself is tropical and picturesque. It is a plateau, thickly overgrown with stunted trees and towering palms, reached by little paths cut with the machete.

The insurgents live in small huts or wickrups, "jacksals" they call them here, built of boughs and saplings, and thatched with palm leaves. Rebels against Spain must sleep in hammocks, for the ground sweats in the Cuban jungle, and white men cannot sleep on it and live.

At night strange birds sing. Queer animals, like overgrown rats, look at you from the trees, and great land crabs scurry into their holes at your approach. Horses are tethered about everywhere and stand unsheltered, rain or shine. They are fed on rushes, or colla, for no other grain is to be had, and a sorebacked, sorry lot they are, though tough and tireless as our own bronchos.

The camp guard consists of fifty men, exclusive of negro camp servants, armed only with machetes. Major Juan Jose Andarje, a strong, handsome young Cuban, is in command, with a captain, a sergeant and four corporals. Guards and patrols watch the trail leading from the valley, and no one is allowed to leave without a pass from the commander. Squads of men ride through the country at night in search of "plateados"—those bloodthirsty robbers who were the terror of the country early in the war, but who have been almost suppressed by the insurgents. When the plateado is caught he is brought to camp and hanged to the nearest tree.

It is odd to find soldiers with camp servants to fetch water, cut wood and perform the acts of personal service; but the men are active and quick to take the saddle on sudden alarm, as I have seen on several occasions since my arrival. The life is like that of Marion's men in our American Revolution for simplicity. No coffee, no bread, heated sugar and water at daybreak, sweet potatoes and stewed beef at noon, and stewed beef and sweet potatoes at night. Beans and rice are luxuries. Sugar cane, sweet and nutritious, does for bread. We eat with our fingers and knives down here, with bits of palm bark for plates. Food is plentiful or scarce, according to the country and to circumstances. That there is no scarcity now is proof that the sympathy of the native population is with the insurrection.

No man is so poor that he cannot cheerfully give food for the army. This proves also the truth of the saying here that the Spaniard owns only the ground he stands on. The news of every movement of the

Spanish troops is transmitted in advance by sympathizers within their own ranks to "padlocks," or non-combatants, to other camps the nearest to the insurgent camp. The Cuban who would not risk his life to aid the cause or hamper the Spaniards is an exception.

On my arrival here word was sent that another horse was needed. It was given gladly by a planter of the district—a saddle was also needed, and a poor man was found who had two. Hearing that it was for a senior who wished to join General Gomez, he gave his best.

I find these people capable of any sacrifice for the cause. In the interior inhabitants of the villages will burn their towns on the approach of a Spanish column, so that they may not afford the troops shelter, and points whence expeditions may be sent through the country. I also find that whenever the Insurrectos ride with their red, white and blue cockades the people are glad to see them. The girls stand in the doorways and wave their hands, and the small boys look on them with admiration. On the other hand, the news of the approach of Spanish troops will throw a community into a panic.

I can now, from the insurgents I have seen and lived with, contradict the absurd and pitiful misstatements of the Spanish press and Spanish Minister at Washington that the insurgent ranks are composed of bandits, whose only aim is to kill and burn. I find myself among men courteous and well-bred, proprietors of plantations for the most part, or sons of such proprietors, and evidently accustomed to a comfortable mode of life. These remain in the field, half-fed, inadequately armed and badly equipped, certain only of ignominious death in case of capture. They receive no pay and are earnest, patriotic and self-sacrificing. They obey the officers implicitly and do their duty without complaint. Moreover, you do not hear of a single authenticated case of robbery or violence of any kind done by them. The vicious, cowardly atrocities perpetrated on defenceless men, women and children are the work of Spanish troops.

The victims of these are rarely important enough to attract special attention, but the massacre continues in every part of the island. I am told that this state of affairs was unknown at the time of Martinez Campos.

To-day I talked with Jose Ballester y Sierra, proprietor of a little plantation near Revere. Two weeks ago his sixteen-year-old son was seen by some Spanish guerrillas exchanging words with a passing party of insurgents.

After the rebels had passed the guerrillas came from their hiding place, arrested the lad and took him before the Alcaldé of Revere as a suspect. The Alcaldé dismissed the case and ordered the guerrillas to take the boy home. As soon as they were clear of the town the guerrillas cut the boy to pieces with machetes and left the mutilated body in a field where it was found six days later by the parents. Then the father put a star and a ribbon on his hat and joined the rebels in the woods.

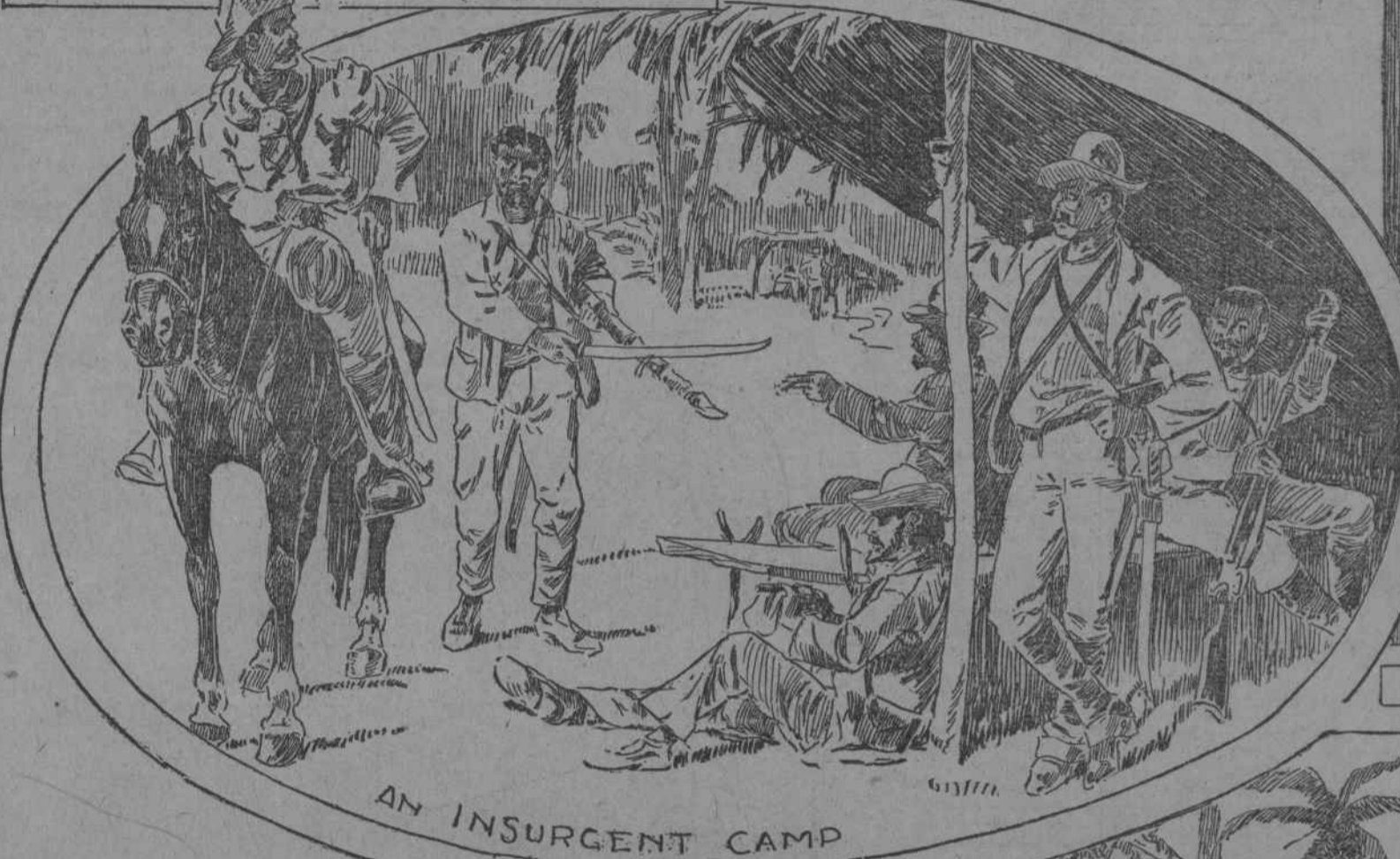
You hear of these cases every day in Cuba. You hear of so many of them and so varied in detail that they cease to surprise. American citizens have not been infrequent among the victims. Many complaints have been forwarded to the Consul-General at Havana. Mr. Williams, however, besides his strong sympathies with the Spanish authorities, is author of the "Williams Doctrine," which makes two classes of American citizens.

The Spanish story in Cuba is always the same: "Robbers, bandits and assassins; kill them all." is the only argument the Spaniard will make. Then he becomes irritated and rumbles on about the honor of the Castilian people and the glories of Philip II.

This morning Dr. Dominguez took me to the camp hospital. Wounded men from insurgent parties skimming hereabouts are



THE HOSPITAL



AN INSURGENT CAMP

brought to this camp to get such care as may be given. They are shattered by bullets and hacked with machetes. There are many of these little hospitals scattered about the hills and in connection with each one is a small camp for the forwarding of dispatches.

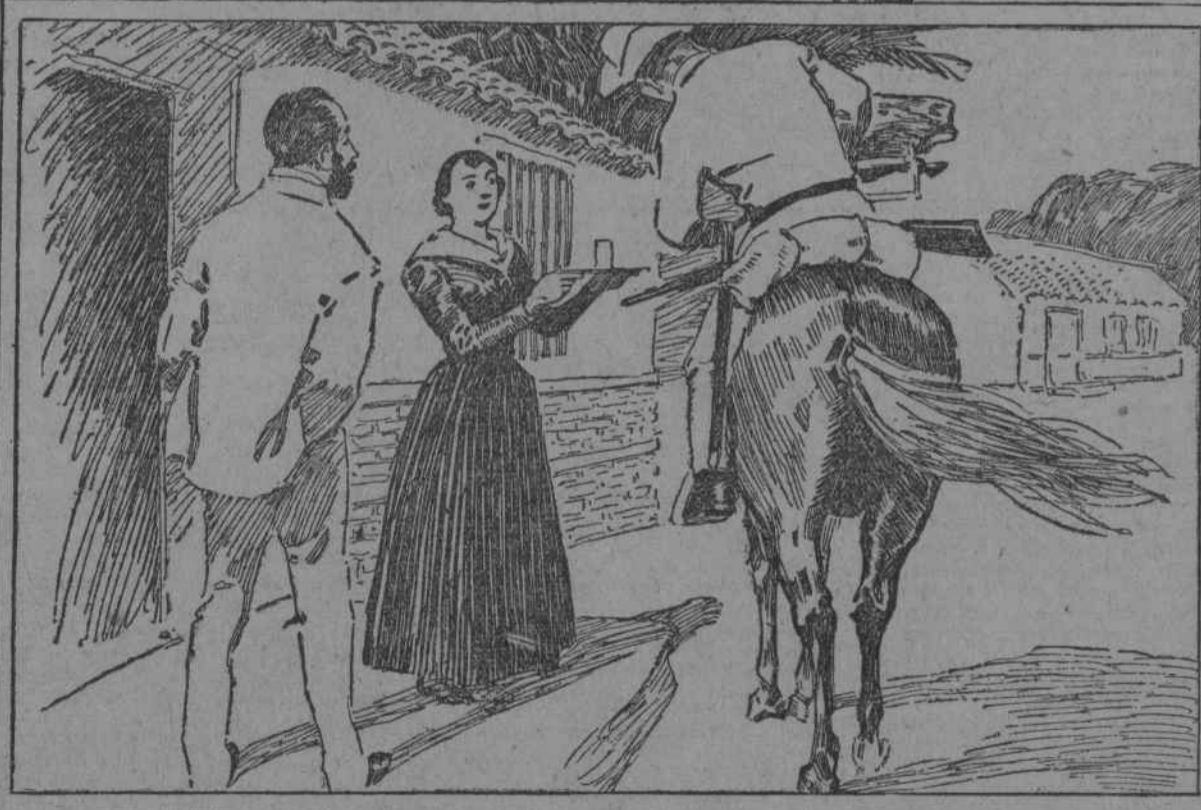
I asked Dr. Dominguez why the insurgent columns burned the towns when the inhabitants were really in sympathy with the Cuban cause.

"The burning of the towns," he answered, "is often a necessity. The Spanish troops are unwilling to sleep in the open air. We therefore burn a town to prevent its becoming a headquarters from which they may skirmish the surrounding country."

The Spaniards have begun a general slaughter of horses wherever they find

of a swamp among the hills overlooking one of the largest seaport towns, where there is a large Spanish garrison—only four miles away. The men in the insurgent camp sleep in the open air in hammocks under the palm trees. There are about sixty men, all mounted and armed with Winchesters, Colts and Remingtons taken away from the enemy. They are lamentably short of ammunition, however. The discipline is excellent, and the obedience to the commander's orders, or, rather, wishes, is accurate and prompt. The men are of the same class as in Andarje's command.

The order of the day for the insurgents in these parts is inactivity. The Cubans have not the ammunition to make a business of fighting except when attacked, and they can gain more by wearing the Government troops out. Often the rebels enter



A Dispatch-Bearer En Route.

them, no matter to whom they belong. This is to prevent them from falling into the hands of the insurgents, and is probably in accordance with orders from the Military Governor at Matanzas or from General Weyler. Outside of the cities the soldiers kill every living thing. In addition to the common outrages on non-combatants, they kill horses, donkeys, cattle and mules for amusement or for practice. In many parts of the country people have abandoned their plantations and have taken their families into the cities to save their lives.

Rumors of the progress of the war come to us from all sides, but we have no means of knowing whether they are true or false. One of the rumors is that the rebel, General Lacerda, was surprised by a Spanish force on the Peninsula of Zapata, and lost all his horses. We also hear that General Gomez has burned the city of Santa Clara. He is expected here within the next forty-eight hours, when I shall join him. His last march through Santa Clara, the next province to this, was to complete the organization of the insurgents there.

There is another camp near us, which I visited the other day. It is in the heart

of an action with only two or three rounds of ammunition per man.

The Spaniards move only in large masses, so the tactics of the Cubans is necessarily an ambush, a sudden rally and a scattering of all hands to a trying place. They have little to fear from the regular Spanish troops. Their hardest enemies are the guerrillas. These are men who have lived long in the country and include some native Cubans. Travelling in small groups they do most of the damage and are responsible for most of the atrocities. Being accustomed to the hardships of the country, and as able to stand them as the insurgents, they are more or less formidable.

As to the end of it all, the Spaniards cannot bring the war to a close and the outrages will increase as long as the war lasts. Here people read the papers most anxiously every day, looking for some action on the part of the United States that will bring relief to this tortured land.

Again, I say, victory is impossible for the Spaniards.

"We will fight with stones and clubs, if we have to, when our ammunition gives out," an insurgent captain said to me last night.

GROVER FLINT.

## A New Pastime for Wheelmen.

One of the latest amusements is the "paper chase." This is to wheelmen and women what hare and hounds is to the cross country runners, with the exception, of course, that under ordinary conditions the route is along highways, and not across fields, ditches and farms. For the last half dozen years it has been the custom of several enthusiastic local wheelmen to indulge in these runs on election day.

The distances of these chases have varied from ten to twenty miles, according to the weather. They are naturally bristling with excitement and sport, and while not so deceptive as the regulation cross country running after the nimble hare, still they are very attractive. Now, however, the sport has become the fad of the hour with cyclists, and to the riding programme is added a social trimming for the benefit of the ladies who participate.

## Germany's Peasant Poetess.

No better example of the old saying that "poets are born, not made," was ever afforded than by the case of Johanna Ambrosius, the German peasant woman, whose small volume of poems has within the last twelve months gone through as many editions and has made her famous everywhere in literary Europe. Despite the fact that for two score years she has lived a typical peasant woman's life and has done the hardest kind of manual labor, the poems she has written, it is said, will entitle her to be ranked with the greatest poets of Germany.

No author ever had a briefer tale for a biographer to tell than hers. She was born in 1854 at Lengwethen, a small village in East Prussia. Her parents were desperately poor. She went to the village school until

## Actresses Showered With Gifts.

Making presents to stage beauties and prominent theatrical folk generally is a favorite method with business firms desiring to boom their wares. Anything from hair dye to a health-restorer, from a sure cure for insomnia to a formula guaranteed to reduce superfluous flesh is included in the range of proffered wares.

About a year ago a firm making a novelty in dress trimming secured the endorsement of their product from a well-known comic opera singer. They set the pace and other tradesmen have followed until now there is a bitter rivalry among certain manufacturers to win these popular favorites.

Lillian Russell has probably been deluged with a greater variety of such offerings than any other actress. Drums, throat preparations, tooth brushes, bath brushes, toilet soaps and other accessories of the boulevard, hair dyes and bleaches, cosmetics and the different ingredients of what is known as the "make-up" box, boots, shoes, dress



ON GUARD



DISPATCH BEARER IN A SWAMP

she was eleven years old and then her education ceased. Her mother was an invalid, and Johanna and her sister, both mere children, were obliged to attend to all the household duties. The father was fond of books, but their poverty permitted them to indulge in but one luxury, which was a cheap weekly illustrated paper. Not until last year, after most of her poems were written, did she have a chance to read a single one of the great German writers.

Her body has been much enfeebled by illness, but in spite of this she still works as she has for many years, not only at her household tasks, but also on the threshing floor and in the stable, in order to keep the wolf from the door. Yet, when her day's task was over and she was alone in her room at night, she would plan and write down her wonderful verses. Of intellectual companionship or luxury of any sort she has known nothing, but her poems nevertheless have such a broad, human interest about them that, if the reader should pick up the book, knowing nothing whatever about the author, he would find it hard to say to what nation she belonged.

Poverty and suffering and the cares and joys of maternity are the three dominant notes in her book. "He who, like myself, has sat at table with Want and has drunk from the same cup with Misery, knows what living means," she says in one of her poems. In another place she shows that though her daily life has been narrow in the extreme, she has yet been able intuitively to grasp some of the broadest and most universal phases of existence, for she says: "Nothing is insatiable as the human heart. If it has enough to eat and drink it longs for costly vessels for the food to be served in, and, once it possesses these, it would ask for the blue heavens as a tablecloth."

At twenty Johanna married a young peasant by the name of Voigt. A son and daughter were born, but aside from this fact there is no further mention of her married life in her biography. But there are several poems about children and child life which are so full of maternal love that they could not fail to touch the heart of even the most careless reader.

She was brought to public notice and her verses published by Karl Schmittenthal, who discovered her talents and her work by the merest chance during a pleasure trip he was making through East Prussia, and it is he who has edited her book and become her biographer.

goods, slippers, novelties, jewelry, hair-gloves, wines and a host of other articles have been sent to the beautiful Lillian, the hope that she will give them a proval.

One of the funniest offerings came from a resident of the northern part of the singer was laid up temporarily, a disagreeable cold, and this fact was

immediately druggetts and doctors tumbled over themselves in a wild scramble to furnish sure cures, but it remained for a Methodist preacher to send in the star prescription. It called for one pint of old Bourbon whiskey, glycerine and licorice. The mixture is by no means one of recent discovery, and is said to be very efficacious. An amusing circumstance in connection with the preacher's offering was that the kind of whiskey to be used was the only word in the recipe spelled correctly. The other two ingredients had been spelled phonetically.

Manufacturers of bicycles are the most recent victims of the mania to secure an advertisement from an actress. Miss Russell has been riding a wheel two years, and six different makers have sent wheels to her. There was no string attached to the gifts beyond a delicately worded note in effect, in each case, that if she liked the machine to please acknowledge it in a personal letter. Her latest addition to her stock of bikes was the gold wheel described in the Sunday Journal of two weeks ago. Saddles, tires, every possible device which is sent in connection with wheeling have been sent her for trial.

Her experience has been but one of many, though possibly no other stage beauty has been quite so favored in the assortment of gifts.

While a Sunday Journal reporter was talking to Miss Russell her secretary interrupted to say that a firm of downtown leather manufacturers wanted her to stop in their place at her convenience and allow them to make something for her at a net cost of nothing.

"Of course," she said, "it is impossible for us to try all of the things that are sent to us, though we do a great many. I am a little chary about exploring new fields unless I know that no harm will result. This is particularly true concerning the cosmetic preparations which are offered. It is curious but true, and the experience is not only mine but that of many, that out of all the stuff which is offered us but very little is of real value. I mean the articles which we would be expected to use in our work. We, or at least I do, buy all of my costumes and never make up any part of them from presents from tradesmen."



THE COOK.